SAMUEL BOLLINGER

Op. 16

TWO SONGS

WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

1

FANCY

Words from Shakespeare

HIGH IN E♭ MEDIUM IN C

2

WILT THOU WEEP?

Words from Byron

HIGH IN E MIN. MEDIUM IN D MIN.

Each 60 cents Net

New York : G. Schirmer

Boston : Boston Music Co.

London : Schott & Co.

WILT THOU WEEP?

AND wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady, speak those words again:
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so,
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
My blood runs coldly through my breast,
And when I perish, thou alone
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a gleam of peace
Doth through my cloud of anguish shine,
And for a while my sorrows cease,
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

BYRON

Wilt Thou Weep?

Words from Byron

Sam'l Bollinger. Op. 16, No 2

Grave, ma non troppo adagio

Voice

Piano

patetico

mf

And

f

sf sostenuto

dim.

smorz.

cresc.

wilt thou weep when I__ am low? Sweet la-dy! sweet la-dy! speak those

mf

cresc.

mf marc.

dim.

words a - - gain: Yet if they grieve thee,__ say not__

mf

marc.

dim.

delicato

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so, I would not give, I would not give that bo - som pain.

lamentoso

p *mf*

pp

My

pesante

sf *dim.*

heart is sad, my hopes are gone, My blood runs cold - ly

pp sempre con portamento *cresc.*

mf marc. 3 *dim.* *pp*

through my breast, And when I per-ish, thou a - lone Wilt sigh a -

mf *dim.* *mp* *dim. delicato* *pp*

bove my place of rest.

mf

And

dim. e ritard.

ppp

p

Con moto e allegramente

yet, me - thinks, a gleam of peace Doth through my

mf

cloud of an - guish shine, And for a while my sor - rows

f

p

cease, To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

cresc.

più cresc.

sf

Poco adagio e con enfasi

ff

Yet wilt thou weep when I___ am low?___ yet wilt thou

f sf *l.h.* *l.h.* *l.h.* *l.h.* *sf* *l.h.*

cresc. *con forza*

weep when I___ am low,___ am low?___ Sweet

cresc. *sf* *sf*

sf *sempre ff*

la - - - - - - - - - - - dy!

ff sf *molto accel.* *sf pesante*

Tempo I

mf

My heart is___ sad, my___ hopes are___

sf cresc. rall. sf *mf*

cresc. p mf

gone, My blood runs cold - ly through my breast, And

cresc. mf marc.

marc. dim. 3 p

when I per - ish, thou a - - lone Wilt sigh a - -

dim. delicato p

più dim. pp smorz.

bove my place of rest.

più dim. pp p dim. e ritard. sf poco più mosso

Adagio

dim. e ritard. p una corda mf smorz.

FOUR SUCCESSFUL SONGS FROM THE CATALOGUE
OF
G. SCHIRMER, NEW YORK

The Lamb

Poem by
William Blake

John H. Densmore

Andante pastorale (♩ = 76)

Voice

Piano

Lit - tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee,

Gave thee life and bade thee feed By the stream and

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20727 c

Price 60 cents

To Miss Florence Clare Rowe

"The night has a thousand eyes"

F. W. Bourdillon

J. Belle Boltwood

Andante sostenuto (about ♩=66)

The night has a thou - sand eyes, And the day, the day but one; Yet the light of the bright world dies, yet the light of the bright world dies With the set-ting sun, with the set - ting sun.

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21045 c

Price 40 cents

To Florence Lewis

A Rose-Rhyme

Words* by
Alfred H. Hyatt

Mary Turner Salter

Allegretto grazioso

con moto animato

Voice

Piano

Make me a rhyme, a rhyme all of ros es, Weave all of Sum-mer a tune, Sing of a gar-den, a gar-den that clos - es All the rose-glo-ries of June, Sing of a gar-den, a gar - den that clos - es

* By permission of the Author

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21449 c

Price 50 cents

Prythee, Why?

Sir John Suckling
(1608-1641)

R. Huntington Woodman

Andante, quasi adagio (♩= 60)

Voice

Piano

Why so pale and wan, fond lov-er? Pry-thee, why so pale? Will, if look-ing well can't move her, Look-ing ill pre - vail? Pry-thee, why so pale?

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21812 c

Low Voice in D min.

Price 1.50